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ROY ROGERS

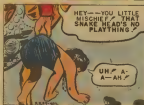
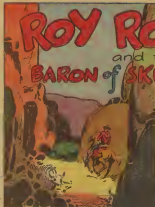
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# ROY ROGERS

and the

## BARON of SKULL MESA







HALLO, PEPE, WHO FOUND YOUR LITTLE BOY, EH?

EL SEÑOR ROGERS, HE FOUND MY NINO AND SAVED HEEM FROM A CULEBRA, SEÑOR HYDE.

WELCOME TO SKULL CANYON, ROGERS.—BUT ONLY UNTIL NIGHTFALL. THESE INDIAN FRIENDS OF MINE HAVE A STRANGE SUPERSTITION—THAT BAD LUCK BEFALLS ANY WHITE MAN WHO REMAINS HERE AFTER DARK.



HOW ABOUT YOURSELF AND YOUR MANSERVANT, MR. HYDE? YOU SEEM TO BE HEALTHY RESIDENTS.

OH, QUITE HUTCHINS AND I HAVE BEEN HERE SO LONG THAT THE BALLY JUNK PROBABLY TAKES US FOR NATIVES.



WELL, CHEERIO, ROGERS, DON'T CROWD YOUR LUCK. AS THE GAMBLING JOHNNIES SAY.

SEÑOR, PLEASE, YOU WEEEL HONOR ME BY COMING TO MY POOR HOME—MI CASA? NOW?

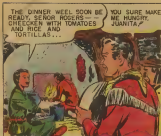
SÍ, POR SUPUESTO, AMIGO, EL HONOR ES MÍO

QUE ALEGRIA, YOU SPEAK MY LANGUAGE, SEÑOR NOW WE SHALL HAVE MUCH TO SAY TO ONE ANOTHER, SHAN'T WE?



HUMPH

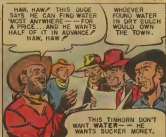




ONE DAY, ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, BASIL HYDE AND HIS BIG MANSERVANT HUTCHINS CAME TO DRY FIELDS WITH A WELL-DIGGING MACHINE. THEY PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE CROWD. . .



HUTCHINS GOT DOWN WITH SOME HANDBILLS THAT TOLD ABOUT THE WELL-DIGGING MACHINE...



LOOK HERE, YOU CHAPS! THERE'S NO SPOOF ABOUT THIS BUSINESS. IF I AGREE TO FIND WATER, AND FAIL-- I'LL RETURN A MAN'S MONEY.



MIND YOUR MANNERS WHEN YOU SPEAK TO THE MASTER--

HEY--

OKAY, OKAY! IF YOUR LEGLESS LORDSHIP CAN FIND WATER IN SKULL CANYON, WE--ALL WILL BELIEVE YOU CAN FIND IT IN DEATH VALLEY--OR IN DRY GULCH! HAW, HAW--



YOU SILLY ASS! I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT-- AND I'LL HAVE THE REST OF YOU STUPID CLOWNS BEGGING ME TO SELL YOU MY WATER.



--PUPPY?

TO SKULL CANYON, HUTCHINS!

VERY GOOD, SIR!



I'LL KILL THAT HOMBRE! NO FURRINER CAN TOSS ME AROUND--

HE DID, KENNY-- AND YOU'RE NOT KILLING ANYBODY! YOU ASKED FOR WHAT YOU GOT.

"AND THE LAST THAT THE MEN OF DRY GULCH SAW OF BASIL HYDE FOR TWO MONTHS WAS THE DUST OF HIS WAGON WHEELS."



LATER, A RUMOR WENT AROUND—THAT A NEW STREAM OF SWEET WATER WAS FLOWING OUT OF SKULL CANYON, INTO THE DESERT BEYOND.

A BUNCH OF RANCHERS AND COWBOYS FROM DRY GULCH RODE OUT TO SEE.



"WHEN THEY CAME IN VIEW OF THE NEW LITTLE CREEK, THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS REAL."

"INSIDE SKULL CANYON THEY FOUND A WOMAN HOEING A NEW GARDEN."

IT SURE TASTES LIKE WATER— AND IT AIN'T ALKALI, EITHER.

IF MY HOSS DRINKS IT, I'LL KNOW IT ISN'T A MIRAGE.



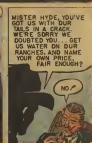
PUNKIN PLANTS— AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN! IT'S A MIRACLE, BOYS!



INJUNS— DIGGING AN IRRIGATION DITCH? THAT'S MIRACLE NUMBER TWO!







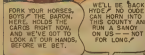


YOU JOHNNIES GAVE ME A FILTHY WELCOME... THESE RED SKINNED CHILDREN OF THE LAND HONORED ME, SO THEY ALONE SHALL DEAL WITH ME, FROM NOW ON.



HERE IS MY DEED FROM THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO TO ALL THE LAND WATERED BY MY WELL... YOU PEOPLE ARE TRESPASSING-- GET OFF!

WHY, YOU--YOU--



FORK YOUR HORSES, BOYS! THE BARON, HERE, HOLDS THE CARDS RIGHT NOW, AND WE'VE GOT TO LOOK AT OUR HANDS, BEFORE WE BET.

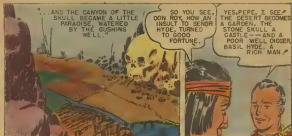
WE'LL BE BACK, HYDE! NO DUDE CAN HORN INTO THIS COUNTRY AND RUN A SANDY ON US-- NOT FOR LONG!



BUT INSTEAD OF THE CATTLEMEN, MORE INDIANS CAME TO SKULL CANYON TO FARM... SENOR HYDE GAVE EACH OF US A TITLE TO HIS FARM... WE AGREED TO GIVE SENOR HYDE NOTHING BUT ONE TENTH OF OUR PROFITS...



OR ELSE TO PAY OUR TENTH WITH OUR LABOR... THE GREAT STONE SKULL BECAME A CASTLE, WITH ROOMS AND WORKSHOPS...



...AND THE CANYON OF THE SKULL BECAME A LITTLE PARADISE, WATERED BY THE GUSHING WELL.

SO YOU SEE, DON ROY, HOW AN INSULT TO SENOR HYDE, TURNED TO GOOD FORTUNE.

YES, PEPE, I SEE. THE DESERT BECAME A GARDEN, THE STONE SKULL A CASTLE—AND A POOR WELL-DIGGER, BASIL HYDE, A RICH MAN.



THE OWNER EES READY, SENORES.

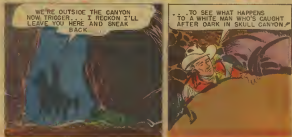
ALREADY, JUANITA?

I HADNT REALIZED IT WAS SO LATE.

YES, DON ROY—THE SUN WILL SOON BE DOWN, AND YOU MUST, I REGRET, BE ON YOUR WAY.

HASTA LA VISTA, AMIGOS.

HASTA LUEGO, DON ROY.



WE'RE OUTSIDE THE CANYON NOW, TRIGGER... I RECKON I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE AND SNEAK BACK.

...TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO A WHITE MAN WHO'S CAUGHT AFTER DARK IN SKULL CANYON.

"THE BARON" HYDE, IS NO MAN  
TO BELIEVE IN SPOOKS... SO HIS  
WARNING JUST MEANT HE  
DIDN'T WANT  
ME HERE  
AFTER DARK.

THERE'S THE SKULL CASTLE MESA  
JUST ACROSS THE CANYON... I AIM TO  
SEE EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON  
TONIGHT--WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT.



RIISING ABOVE THE CANYON'S  
SHADOWS, A FULL MOON  
THROWS THE STONE SKULL  
INTO CLEAR RELIEF

AND FROM THE  
ENTRANCE COME  
THE SLOW HOOF-  
BEATS OF A  
WALKING HORSE.



A SECOND BULLET GLANCES  
WHINING, OFF THE  
SADDLE HORN

FOR LONG MOMENTS, THE  
RIDER LIES MOTIONLESS.



THEN, SLOWLY, HE  
DRAWS HIS RIFLE,  
FROM ITS SCOT.



A FOOT AT A  
TIME, HE WORMS  
HIS WAY TOWARD  
THE BOULDER  
WHERE ROY  
WALTS.



THE SKULL / ITS  
EYE SOCKETS  
ARE LIGHTED.



SEARCHLIGHTS /



ONE OF THE BEAMS  
HOLDS STEADY ON THE  
DEAD HORSE...



... THEN MOVES SLOWLY  
ALONG THE BASE  
OF THE CLIFF.



YOU, SERCH / AND  
DON ROY -- COME  
BEHIND THESE  
ROCK, QUEECK /





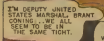
JUANITA / WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

NO MATTER NOW, DON ROY—GET DOWN, QUICKLY.



SEE, SENORES / THE SKULL EES SEARCHING FOR US WEEH ITS EYES.

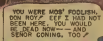
LET IT SEARCH—WE'RE OKAY, THANKS TO YOU, JUANITA.



I'M DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL, BRANT CONING...WE ALL SEEM TO BE IN THE SAME TIGHT.



I MET JUANITA AS I WAS RIDING THROUGH THIS AFTERNOON, AND I MET THE BARON OF SKULL CANYON, TOO / SOME THINGS THEY SAID MADE ME CURIOUS ENOUGH TO COME BACK.



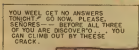
YOU WERE MOS' FOOLISH, DON ROY / EEF I HAD NOT BEEN HERE, YOU WOULD BE DEAD NOW—AND SENOR CONING, TOO /



IT LOOKS THAT WAY, MARSHAL / I'M ROY ROGERS, — JUST A COMPOKE WITH A BIG BUMP OF CURIOSITY.



WELL—YOU WERE HERE, JUANITA...SO NOW WE CAN ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS.

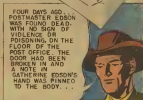
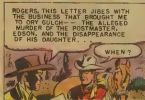
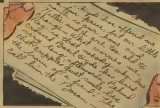


YOU WEE' GET NO ANSWERS TONIGHT / GO NOW, PLEASE, SENORES— BEFORE ALL THREE OF YOU ARE DISCOVER'D... YOU CAN CLIMB OUT BY THEESE CRACK.



THE GIRL IS RIGHT... COME ON, ROGERS /

OKAY... BUT WE'LL BE BACK SOMETIME. JUANITA TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF /



I ONLY HOPE  
WE'RE IN TIME.

NEIL! NEIL HARKER!  
IT'S ROY ROGERS—  
WAKE UP!

THERE'S NOT  
A SOUND  
INSIDE!

COME HERE,  
COMING?

WHAT?  
YOU DON'T  
MEAN—?

NEIL!

YES, THEY'RE BOTH  
DEAD. HAPPENED  
ABOUT THREE DAYS  
AGO, I'O GUESS. NOT  
A SIGN OF VIOLENCE—  
OR EVEN SICKNESS.

THAT'S THE WAY POST-  
MASTER EASON DIED—  
APPARENTLY A HEART  
ATTACK. BUT I'M  
CONVINCED NOW THAT  
IT WAS MURDER!

— BUT HOW DID THEY  
DIE, ROGERS? THEY  
HAD NO WARNING!  
THIS KIND OF MURDER  
IS UNGANNY—

IT' CAME FROM THIS  
CLOSET. CAREFUL—!

SSST! I  
HEARD A NOISE.

AND THAT THE "BARON"  
IS BACK OF IT— IF  
HE COUD' DO IT  
HIMSELF.





IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN  
A POISON GAS--WHICH  
WOULD EXPLAIN HOW  
POOR OLD NEIL AND  
NELLIE HARKER DIED  
IN THEIR SLEEP.  
JUST A WHIFF OF IT  
MADE JOHNNY SICK.

HERE'S THE GORDONER'S HOUSE, ROGERS.  
I RECKON IT'S ABOUT MIDNIGHT.

DR. WARD-- SORRY TO  
WAKE YOU UP-- BUT  
WE'VE JUST FOUND NEIL  
HARKER AND HIS WIFE  
DEAD, PROBABLY  
MURDERED.

WE'VE  
GOT TO  
FIND A  
HOME  
FOR HIM  
TO STAY...

YOU'VE FOUND  
IT, JOHNNY.  
DEAR, GRANNY  
WARD IS  
GOING TO  
MAKE YOU  
SOME HOT  
CHOCOLATE--  
AND THEN  
TUCK YOU  
INTO BED.

YOU'LL RIDE BACK  
WITH ME NOW,  
GENTLEMEN?

I'M AFRAID  
WE CAN'T,  
DR. WARD.

MURDERED,  
OH, AND  
THEIR LITTLE  
BOY--

YOU SEE,  
MARSHAL  
GONING AND  
I HAVE A  
LITTLE JOB  
TO DO.

THAT'S ALL  
RIGHT, I'LL  
SEE YOU  
LATER, THEN,  
ROGERS.

OH, BY THE WAY, DOCTOR-- HAVE YOU  
EVER HEARD OF "EL ANGEL DE LA MUERTE"?

"THE DEATH ANGEL?"  
YES-- A COUPLE OF  
INDIANS WERE WHISPERING  
ABOUT IT WHEN WE  
FOUND POOR EDSON'S  
BODY ON THE POST  
OFFICE FLOOR.

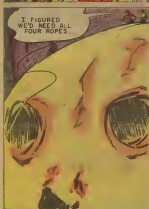
WHAT WAS THAT  
"LITTLE JOB" YOU  
TOLD DOC WE  
HAD TO DO, ROY?  
I'D LIKE A LITTLE  
SHUT-EYE...

--WHICH MIGHT LOSE US OUR  
BEST CHANCE TO SURPRISE  
THE BAND OF SKULL MESA  
TONIGHT. OF ALL TIMES, HE  
WOULDN'T EXPECT US TO  
DROP IN FOR A CALL AT HIS  
BODGER CASTLE.

SO THIS IS WHAT YOU  
HAD IN MIND WHEN YOU  
PICKED UP THOSE EXTRA  
ROPES AT HARKER'S  
PLACE, ROGERS?



I FIGURED  
WE'D NEED ALL  
FOUR ROPES.

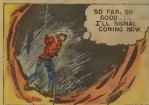


TO CLIMB DOWN TO THE SKULL'S  
EYE SOCKETS, TAKE OFF YOUR  
BOOTS AND WAIT TILL I SIGNAL  
THAT I'VE REACHED 'EM,  
COMING



WHAT'S THE  
LAYOUT, ROGERS?

SHHH. COME  
HERE



SO FAR, SO  
GOOD...  
I'LL SIGNAL  
COMING NOW.





WHEN A SEARCHLIGHT  
BIG ENOUGH FOR  
THE ARMY.

YES, AND  
LOOK OVER  
ON THE  
OTHER SIDE.



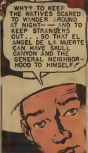
WHAT WOULD  
YOU CALL  
THAT, MARSHAL?

WHY--UH--IT'S A  
SET GUN. ELECTRICALLY  
OPERATED, I'D SAY...



SEE THESE LENSES.  
CONVINCE MY GUESS IS  
THAT THEY'RE HOOKED  
UP WITH PHOTO--  
ELECTRIC CELLS. THEY'RE  
FOCUSED ON THE ROAD--  
RIGHT WHERE YOUR  
HORSE WAS SHOT.

BUT-- BUT  
WHY?



WHY? TO KEEP  
THE NATIVES SCARED  
TO WINDER AROUND  
AT NIGHT-- AND TO  
KEEP STRANGERS  
OUT... SO THAT EL  
ANGEL DE LA MUERTE  
CAN HAVE SKULL  
CANYON AND THE  
GENERAL NEIGHBOR-  
HOOD TO HIMSELF.



THERE'S A LIGHT--  
BEYOND THIS NEXT  
DOOR...

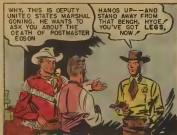


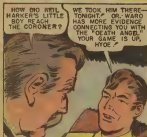
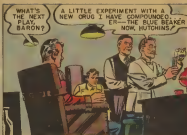
A CHEMICAL LABORATORY--  
AND THE SIZE OF IT--

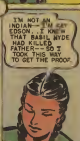


GOOD EVENING,  
BARN. WE  
FORGOT TO RING  
THE DOORBELL.

QUITE ALL RIGHT,  
ROGERS. EH--  
WHO IS YOUR  
FRIEND?









YES! I OVERHEARD NEIL TELL FATHER, "IT'S MY LAST HOPE! WHEN HYDE HEARS THAT THE D. A. HAS BEEN WARNED, HE MAY LAY OFF."

GO ON, KAY!

THAT NIGHT—FATHER WENT DOWN—STAIRS... HE'D HEARD A NOISE IN THE POST OFFICE... THAT'S WHERE I FOUND HIM—DEAD! AND NEIL'S LETTER TO THE D. A. WAS GONE! SO I KNEW—

STEADY, LITTLE GIRL! THE JOB'S NOT DONE.

OH, HURRY! I FORGOT—HYDE HAS GONE TO KILL DR. WARD AND LITTLE CHICO! I HEARD HIM—

WHAT'S THIS—?

AN ELEVATOR— TO THE TOP OF THE STONE SKULL! COME ON IN.

HYDE NEVER USES STAIRS. I GUESS IT'S HARD FOR HIM WITH ARTIFICIAL LEGS.

WE'RE GOING UP FAST!



THIS TRAP DOOR IS MADE TO LOOK LIKE ROCK... THAT'S WHY IT'S SO HEAVY.



YOUR HORSES— THEY'RE NEAR HERE?

YES! YOU STAY WITH MARSHAL CONING, KAY... NO HORSE CAN KEEP UP WITH MY PALOMINO, TRIGGER.





DOGGONE IT, HUTCHINS--YOUR BULLET  
KILLED HYDE! CAN'T YOU LEAVE WELL  
ENOUGH ALONE?



WHO  
IS IT,  
MARSHAL?

HUTCHINS--  
DEAD BY  
HIS OWN  
KNIFE...  
AND HYDE'S  
DEAD, TOO!

ROY  
ROGERS!  
WHAT--

KEEP OUT, KAY!  
THE HOUSE IS  
FULL OF  
SLEEPING GAS.



ARE--  
ARE  
THEY  
DEAD,  
TOO, ROY?

NO! THEY'RE  
JUST ASLEEP!  
BUT HYDE  
WOULD HAVE  
FINISHED  
THEM ALL  
IN ANOTHER  
FEW MINUTES.



WELL, FOLKS, IT'S GETTING  
DAYLIGHT. . . . I  
RECKON TRIGGER  
AND I WILL BE  
NOSEYING  
ALONG.

PERHAPS YOU'LL BE  
COMING BACK SOME--  
TIME, TO SEE ME AND--  
AND BRANT COMING...  
HE PLANS TO  
LIVE HERE.



I'LL BE BACK SOMETIME.  
AMIGOS! SO LONG--

HASTA  
LUEGO, DON  
ROY.



# GREAT LAWMEN OF THE OLD WEST

STORY BY LEO BRIDGES

## LT. LEE HALL



"No! No! You can't see him!" the doctor's wife pleaded frantically. "Dr. Brazell is sick—dying. You'll be the end of him if you go in—"

"That's what we aim to be—and to do," an armed intruder growled.

They pushed Mrs. Brazell aside, these big men, with bandanas masking their features. They pulled the Doctor, too ill to resist, out of his bed and out of his house. They took his three boys, too.

Half-crazed with grief and fear, the wife and mother tried to stop them.

"What has my husband ever done to you but good?" she cried. "He never took sides in this wicked Taylor-Sutton feud. He dressed your wounds and tended your sick, men and women. He brought your babies into the world. And you're going to murder him. And my children, too! But you can't do it! You won't dare face God's judgment with their blood on your souls!"

"You're wastin' breath, ma'am," one of the raiders said hoarsely. "We don't dare do anything else. Doc knows too much about us!"

One of the younger boys sobbed as the night-black woods swallowed the

party. For some moments there was no other sound than the crackle of dead twigs underfoot. Then yells and gunshots ripped through the darkness.

In the morning, horrified neighbors picked up the bodies of Dr. Philip Brazell and his eldest son. The others had gotten away.

It was the climax to more than thirty murders within the past seven years, caused by the deadly Taylor-Sutton feud. DeWitt County, Texas, was a battleground, where groups of armed riders numbering as many as 75 rode and raided. More than two dozen murder indictments were on record—with local lawmen powerless to enforce them!

But the slaying of Dr. Brazell and his son was more than even wild and woolly Texas of that day could tolerate. Judge Pleasants, a fearless and honorable magistrate, called on the Government for a company of Rangers. And the Rangers arrived, under command of Lieutenant Lee Hall.

Hall and Judge Pleasants went into conference at once. When they had gathered sufficient evidence, they presented it to a grand jury. The jury



found indictments naming seven men involved in the murder of the Brazells.

Lieutenant Lee Hall learned that one of the indicted men, Deputy Sheriff Sitterlie, was to be married, following an all night dance at the bride's home. A hundred or more men and women, of the Sutton party would be there, including all the accused.

Hall could not match the number of fighting men who would be at that dance. But after all, Texas Rangers never counted much on numbers. The lieutenant thought twenty-five would be a posse large enough to handle any trouble. Far more heavily, he counted on his own persuasive powers to prevent a gun fight.

Reaching the ranch house at night, Hall's posse threw a tight ring of weapons around it. Then the lieutenant stepped up on the porch.

"Who's there?" a man asked curtly, from the shadows.

"The Rangers," replied Hall, equally curt. "Who are you?"

"You're talking to the marshal of Cuero, Ranger. The name is Meador. What's your business, and why in thunder did you pick a wedding night to show up?"

The lieutenant told him, adding that two dozen men with guns had ringed the place.

"I'm arresting you, Meador, and half a dozen more," he said—and entered the house.

An angry hullabaloo broke out from the male guests when Hall stated his errand. Some went for their weapons—only to remember that gunplay would hit women and children, too.

"Take them out of here," the lieutenant shouted. "Then we'll shoot it out. . . . Get ready, boys!" he added to his men outside.

Marshal Meador, frightened now, tried to stall. The lieutenant turned on him. Sharp as the crack of a whip were his words: "Hand me your gun!"

Meador was already half-licked. He obeyed, almost humbly. A few moments later, the Rangers had collected all of the lethal hardware in the house. And their prisoners!

But now came an interruption. The bride herself begged a favor of the law. Out of respect to her wedding night, would the lieutenant let the party continue, under guard?

There spoke the gallant spirit of Texas women, in the face of tragedy. No tears! "Let the dance go on!" And in the same tradition of chivalry, the Texas Ranger nodded agreement to her request.

In the morning he took her bridegroom, Joe Sitterlie, and the six other wanted men away to face trial.

Judge Pleasants, at the risk of his life, denied bail to the accused. In a courtroom jammed to its doors with fighting men of both Sutton and Taylor parties, he took sole responsibility for calling the Rangers in.

Lieutenant Hall and his men were there to protect him only a few hours. When they had gone with their prisoners to Galveston, most people expected the judge to be murdered. But none of the threats made against him came to anything.

The Rangers had enforced the law. The back of the Taylor-Sutton feud was broken.

# CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

BOOH CHARLEY!  
A BABY DEER...!

YEAH! IT'S MOTHER  
IS CALLING IT



THERE THEY GO, UP THE MOUNTAIN! A  
LITTLE FAWN LIKE THAT ONE WOULD'VE  
LAST LONG WITHOUT IT'S MA-  
COLLAR OR WOLF WOULD  
GET IT.



CHARLEY, TELL US A STORY  
ABOUT A DEER? PLEASE!

GOODBYE YOU  
FELL-TALK! A STORY?  
HUNT WHERE THERE'S  
TIME BEFORE WE  
CAMP.

"YOU REMEMBER TOWN PRAYNE AND HIS WOLF  
WOUND, WHITE WINDY WELL ONE DAY WHEN  
THEY WERE HUNTING THROUGH THE CHAGG-  
REAL....



TOMMY SAW SOMETHING THAT  
STOPPED HIM IN HIS TRACKS... HE  
TOLD WHITE WIND TO LIE DOWN AND  
STAY PUT.

"THERE WAS A LITTLE MALE DEER BABY, WONDERING  
WHY IT'S MOTHER WAS SO STILL AND QUIET.



"THE FAMILY WAS TOO YOUNG TO BE SCARY OF TOMMY FRAYNE."



SO TOMMY PICKED IT UP THE SIGHT OF THE DEAD DOG MADE HIM MAD ALL OVER BECAUSE SOME POY-HUNTER HAD SHOT IT AND LEFT MOST OF THE MEAT TO WASTE



"TOMMY MADE UP HIS MIND THEN AND THERE THAT HE COULDN'T LEAVE HER BABY TO BE."



"HE CALLED WHITE WIND AND MADE THE BIG WOLF HOWL UNDERSTAND THAT THE BAWN WAS TO BE PROTECTED"



"SOME DOGS TAKE NATURELY TO YOUNG AND HELP-LESS THINGS... WHITE WIND CAUGHT ON RIGHT AWAY TO HOW THINGS SHOULD."



"DENNE'S WIFE GOT OUT A BABY BOTTLE FOR HIM, AND"



"TOMMY CARRIED THE YOUNGESTER STRAIGHT HOME TO DENNE DOY'S RANCH WHERE HE WAS LIVING... WADING THROUGH THE HALF-DRY CREEK TO SAVE THEM."



I NEARLY DIED LAUGHING, WATCHING TOMMY TRY TO MANAGE BABY AND BOTTLE ALL AT ONCE.



WHEN THE FAWN GOT OLDER IT WAS FUN FOR EVERYBODY TO WATCH HIM AND WHITE WIND PLAY TOGETHER.



AND COME NIGHT THEY SLEPT DOWN ON THE PORCH. NO WOLF EVER DARED COME NEAR ENOUGH TO BOTHER BUCKY THE PLUNKATE OF WHITE WIND.



ALONG IN JAN ANOTHER BABY CAME TO THE COY FAMILY. TOMMY THOUGHT SHE WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL LITTLE THING IN THE WORLD.



"AND SO I DECIDED TO DO WHITE WIND."



TOMMY COY MADE A BABY CARRIAGE FOR HIS DAUGHTER.



"AND WHENEVER BABY WAS MADE RIGHT THE DOGS HAD TO PLAY BY-HIMSELF."



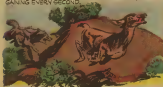
"ONLY ONCE DID WHITE WIND DESERT THE OLD MAN. A BRISKEE FROM THE PLAIN HAD BROUGHT HIM THE FRIGHTENED BARABAN OF BUCKY.



THAT CALL URGENT TROUBLE! WHITE WIND SAILED ACROSS THE PORCH AND FIFTEEN FEET OF DOORYARD IN ONE JUMP.



"BUCKY BLATTED AGAIN... THERE WAS A BIG, OLD LOAFER WOLF NOT TEN CLIMPS BEHIND HIM, AND BARKING EVERY SECOND.



"BUT WHITE WIND WAS MAKING BETTER TIME STILL... NOT STOPPING TO GO AROUND ANY BUNCH OF CHICKADEES HE COULD DO OVER.

"HE HEADED THE LOAFER OFF JUST IN TIME...



"...AND THE FIGHT THAT FOLLOWED WAS TOO FAST FOR ANY HUMAN EYE TO FOLLOW CLOSE! SLASH, SNAP, TWIST AND TEAR...



"...WITH WHITE WIND THE LIGHTER, AND QUICKER, ON HIS FEET... ONE AFTER ANOTHER HE CROPPED THE WOLF'S HANDS AND LEGS.



"AFTER THAT THE LOAFER HAD ALL HE COULD DO TO STAY ALIVE.





BEFORE BUCKY THE MULE DEER WAS THREE YEARS OLD. TOWNY FROWE HAD TRAINED HIM TO CARRY A RIDER. TOWNY WAS LIGHT BUILT...



AND THE BUCK WAS EXTRA BIG FOR HIS AGE, HAVING EATEN THE BEST OF FOOD SINCE HE WAS BORN. ONE NIGHT THAT FALL, HIS TRAINING STUCK UP HIS...



IT WAS THE NIGHT THAT BURY-BUE GOT THE CROUP...SHE WAS CHOKING FOR BREATH AND NOTHING SEEMED TO HELP.



SO DENNIS COY STARTED TO TOWN FOR THE DOCTOR.



"WE DON'T GET FAR! THERE WAS THIN ICE OVER THE CREEK" AND HE CUT HIS HORSE'S LEGS. THE OTHER MEN TO TOWN WAS TWICE AS FAR.



THEN TOWNY CAME UP WITH THE ANSWER...THE ICE WOULD HOLD UP BUCKY THE DEER!



"THE MOON LOOKED DOWN ON A NIGHTY STRANGE SCENE...A BOY ON A RACING DEER...WITH A BIG WHITE WOLF HOUND RUNNING AHEAD."

"OLD DOC FRANK GOT THE  
SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE  
TODAY. HE'D BEEN  
TOLD THE BOY  
WOULD BE  
KILLED."



"I'LL GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE TO TAKE BACK QUICK  
DOC DECIDED. 'I'LL FOLLOW AS QUICK AS A HORSE  
CAN GET THERE.' GIVE ME TWO BOTTLES  
SAID TOMMY FRAYNE."

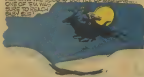


"HE TIED ONE OF THE MEDICINE BOTTLES TO  
WHITE WIND'S NECK AND TOLD THE DOG  
JUST WHAT HE HAD TO DO."

"THE BIG WOLF HOUND VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT WITH ONE  
BOTTLE."



"A MINUTE LATER THE BOY WAS STREAMING AFTER  
PMA WITH THE SECOND BOTTLE OF MEDICINE.  
ONE OF THE TWO  
SURE TO REACH  
BOTH DOGS."



"AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY BOTH DO... AND  
THAT MEDICINE SAVED RUSH  
SUE'S LIFE."



"OH, PMA, BY  
YOUR GRACE,  
ALWAYS  
TODAY!"



"I WISH I WAS TOMMY FRAYNE... WITH  
A REAL BUCK DEER TO ROE... AND A  
WOLF HOUND LIKE WHITE WIND!  
YEAH... I SURE DO!"





Roy Rogers, appearing in "Toby"



Roy Brown, smiling in Republic City, Arizona